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POPULAR SELECTIONS.

THE STOLEN DAUGHTER.

FROM THE DIARY OF JEAN PAUL ULRIC.

BY MORRIS MATTON.

Diaries are, at present, a monomania, and I will therefore, in obedience to fashion, even commence one myself. A word or two of my parents by way of beginning. My father was a German, a native of Leipsic. My mother was of English extraction; born, I think, at Chelsea, the naval hospital town of Great Britain. At an early age, she made a tour in Germany for her health; when she became known to my father. They were married in the short space of three weeks from the period of their first acquaintance. My father wore moustaches, carried a gold headed cane, and made poetry. He indited a beautiful sonnet to my mother's *eyebrows*, and wrote a number of verses after the manner of the romantic Herder, whom he always endeavored to imitate. My mother was accounted handsome; had brown hair, a Grecian nose, and beautifully white teeth; was rather metaphysical, a good waltzer, and always made her preserves on a Sunday morning.

This must suffice for the maternal accomplishments, of which, it was possible, her progeny might have partaken.

My father, at the earnest solicitations of my incomparable mother, emigrated to America, and took up his residence upon the banks of the Schuylkill, where, in the succeeding year, I received my birth.

My parents were moderately rich; and, as it was the opinion of my mother that I was a remarkably promising youth, no expense was to be spared to render me an ornament to society. A matrimonial disputation of inconceivable eloquence arose between them, as to the best mode of developing the powers of my mind. My mother was in favor of my learning to *waltz*, as a first and qualifying step. This, however, my father opposed with an honest and becoming zeal, but he was overruled, and I was *condemned* to obey the *'stern alarms'* of the *maitre de danse*, for a twelvemonth.

I was designed, it seems, for better things; for I was subjected, at length, to the *surveillance* of a private tutor, who soon initiated me into the classics. Virgil and Horace, Xenophon and Longinus were alike familiar to me. As DuBerly says of Pangloss in the play, I could "ladle you out Latin by the quart, and grunt Greek like a pig."

Years passed away and I was likely to become a martyr to my studies. The hectic had tinged my cheek; I grew pale and enervated. The most active medicines were resorted to, but all in vain. A sea voyage was recommended by the attending physician, which not only delighted me, but put my mother into an ecstasy of joy.

"My dear son," she said, with unusual emphasis, "you can sip wine with the Lords and Dukes, and trip through the winding mazes of the dance at Almack's. Of course you will not neglect the latter. Believe me, my dear Jean Paul, (how I hate that Dutch name of your father's!) believe me, I say, it will be the making of you."

In less than a fortnight I was on board a New York packet bound for London. I shall not unfold the perils and miracles of my voyage, for every thing astounding and ridiculous in the experience of us, landmen, you may find, gentle reader, in the outpouring of every sentimental blockhead, who has crossed the Atlantic and "*spanned his quarto*" of wonderful adventures encountered, where every trivial incident is a phenomenon, that startles the bibber and gastronome from his lethargy.

I arrived in the gloomy and dismal metropolis of England, wonderfully improved in health and spirits. My letters made me acquainted with the Earl of —. He was lively and goodhumored, talked *fluently* on some subjects, and was remarkably *dull* upon others. We passed from one topic of conversation to another, with inconceivable rapidity. The merits of the late

Revolution in France were discussed in the lapse of a moment's sands; those of the Wellington ministry, in the passage of a seamew; and over the theoretical Republic of Belgium, his Lordship uttered a pish, and curled his aristocratic lip. I conceived there was not so much difference between an Earl of Great Britain, and a wellbred gentleman of my own country, as is sometimes imagined. At the pressing invitation of the Earl, I made one of a party that was to dine with him on the *fete* of his birthday. What a brilliant assemblage was this! What wit! What beauty! What every thing that could charm the young votary of pleasure and dissipation! The guests were arranged at the table. I found myself seated beside Miss Page, one of the Earl's nieces, a beautiful and romantic girl. She talked of Byron, and Weber, and Cooper's novels, and quoted Dante and Tasso, almost in the same breath. After an hour of the most rapid enunciation, the lips of the sweet girl actually closed for one minute.

"But who," I inquired, taking advantage of this pause, "who is the gentleman in black, a little to the right, on the opposite side?"

"Oh! that is Sir Archibald Carnaby," replied the volatile Miss Page. "He is very singular in his habits, a strange compound of vice and virtue. There is a mystery about him which I could never penetrate. It is but seldom he goes into society; indeed, I believe he cares but little for social enjoyment. He resided many years on the continent, where, I am told, he was married; but, his wife dying, he returned to London. He is intimate with my uncle, and sometimes makes one at his board."

In appearance Sir Archibald was about fifty years of age. His hair was black and much inclined to curl. His eyes were dark, sunken, and fiery; and his thin, curling lips were strongly marked with decision. A calm serenity sometimes settled upon his features, and at others, they were distorted with all the wildness of the maniac. He conversed occasionally with those around him; sometimes dispassionately, sometimes with great vehemence. After dinner, I observed him, apart from the company, gazing thoughtfully out upon the terrace. I approached with an air of familiarity, and entered into conversation. He grew lively and cheerful. We were soon joined by Miss Page, who added much brilliancy to the trio. We talked away an hour almost unconsciously, and as we were about to separate for the night, Sir Archibald presented me with his card, accompanied with an invitation to call upon him on the following Monday.

One sunny afternoon, such as is rarely met with in London, I found myself in the Earl's carriage, accompanied by his Lordship and Miss Page. We proceeded in the direction of Kew Green. At length, we found ourselves walking upon the borders of the Thames, near a small village, several miles from the metropolis. In our perambulation we passed a small, but very picturesque park, in the centre of which arose a venerable Gothic mansion. A female was seen slowly promenading one of the gravel walks. She was neatly attired in a white dress, and held in one hand a book. She was apparently in the bloom of youth, her movements were graceful, and her figure was tall and majestic. Her glossy curls hung negligently about her neck, and clustered in rich profusion, upon her high and intellectual forehead. Her complexion was pure and transparent; her lips were as the exquisite chiseling of the Grecian artist; finely and delicately formed. Canova might have chosen them for a model. An elderly gentleman now made his appearance at the end of the mansion.

"Well met," cried the Earl, "my old friend, Harry! —delighted to see you!" His friend Harry, as he familiarly called him, did not seem over anxious to cultivate his acquaintance. He preserved an inflexible silence, gazing upon us alternately with a keen and restless eye. At length, he formally advanced, and with a cold smile of recognition, took the Earl by the hand. They withdrew to a short distance, and after a few moments' earnest conversation, returned, and the stranger was introduced as Henry St John, an old friend and schoolfellow of the Earl's. We all adjourned to

the drawing room, in the venerable mansion of our host. What a fortunate adventure was this! At once I should make the acquaintance of the beautiful girl we had seen in the park. A novelist, in conceiving his plot, could not have arranged it half so prettily.

The Earl and St John entered freely into conversation. It appeared, that the latter, after spending many years on the continent, had just returned to England. Presently the door opened out of an anteroom, and (as I had predicted,) the female entered, of whom I had become so deeply enamored. How my heart bounded within me! The blood thrilled through my veins, and mantled in my cheeks! She was an only daughter of St John's, called Viola; and a romantic name it is, gentle reader; you will not find a lovelier in the newest novels, with all their improvements, for it has been sanctified by the immortal bard.

It was proposed that Viola should conduct Miss Page and myself through the various departments of natural curiosities with which the mansion abounded. The Earl and St John remained to talk over their early sports and adventures. I felt a thousand times rejoiced at so opportune and auspicious an occasion to become acquainted with Viola. If I had before admired the beauty and symmetry of her form, the witchery and softness of her features; I was now doubly enchanted with the rich melody of her voice; her affable good humor, and unaffected brilliancy of conversation. After examining the numerous collections of birds and minerals and paintings, we were ushered into Viola's study. It was strewn with books, engravings, and manuscripts of every variety; and there were landscapes, views upon the Rhine, where she had lived almost from her infancy. The beauteous Rhine was faithfully depicted, and the villages of its winding shores; and the rugged mountains rose up in the distance, and the pleasant villages intervened, teeming with fruits and flowers; the nectareous vine clambered, in wild luxuriance, upon its banks; the birds were carolling in the sunny woods; and the fisherman was there, drawing forth the inhabitants of the limpid and gushing waters. I gazed, in silent rapture, upon those beautiful delineations of Viola's pencil; and then her taper fingers wandered rapidly over the delicate strings of the harp. How delicious, how ravishing, were its sounds! Passionately fond as I am of music, yet in Viola's hands, it thrilled with a deeper intensity; it had a charm, I never before knew. It thrilled like a mysterious cord that bound our thoughts and affections together. Every thing grew enchanting in her presence; even a rose, with which she ornamented my bosom, seemed to grow more vivid and fragrant at her touch.

We joined the Earl and St John in the drawing-room. They whispered a few words in secret and shook hands, for the carriage had already drawn up. I bade adieu to Viola, resolved to see her again without delay.

The time previous to my appointment with Sir Archibald had already expired. I hurried to his residence in Oxford-street. I was announced and conducted into his chamber. He was seated in an arm-chair, by the fireside. He rose with great dignity on my entrance, and grasped me eagerly by the hand. He was unusually melancholy; and his keen eye was restless and unsettled.

He conversed fluently, yet incoherently, upon various subjects, evincing the utter prostration of a noble mind. Sometimes he compared himself to the unfortunate mariner, who is tossed in the midnight storm, without a single ray of hope to brighten his existence, and sometimes to the solitary survivor of a depopulated city.

"This day, many years ago," he said, "I was united at the altar to Gabriella, a beautiful Italian girl, confiding and affectionate. Her love was like the first tints of the vernal flower, too bright to enjoy a long endurance. The memory is like a dream!—but no!—it was a blest reality, and yet how fleeting and full of woe! Our offspring was an only daughter, the image of her mother's loveliness. Methinks I see the flames crackling around her!—and the dagger too, reeking with Gabriella's blood! Tell me, is it fancy? No! No!

Give me the dagger! quick!—quick!—the villain will escape! See! see! it is the loved and lost; my daughter! my daughter!" and here he sunk almost exhausted in his chair.

I looked into the street, and saw the carriage of St John passing, in which Viola, attended by a Frenchman, was seated. My soul was stung with jealousy, my whole frame shook with agitation. Unqualified as I was, I endeavored to calm the excited feelings of Sir Archibald. I inquired the cause of his distress; but received an idiotic smile for an answer.

"I am a little weak upon this subject," he at length spoke in an under-tone, assuming composure, "and my mind, I fear, sometimes wanders. I lost a child—she was young and innocent! I was thinking of her at that moment when the features of some one, I casually observed in the street, recalled her still more forcibly to my mind. She was young—very young; and I know not why it is, her image is imprinted so strongly on my memory. It was fancy, nothing more! I will endeavor to control myself for the future."

Although Sir Archibald preserved the identity of his usually wild and visionary character, yet I did not feel so deeply interested in his welfare; for that "green-eyed monster," *jealousy*, was piercing me with a thousand stings. It was evident, Viola had an admirer in this Frenchman. It was true, she had been but a short time in England, without the opportunity of forming acquaintances, much less attachments; but then was it not probable that her companion had made her acquaintance in Germany? Determined to satisfy myself on this point, I departed on the following day for the old mansion.

I was cordially received by St John, who told me Viola was somewhat indisposed, and accordingly, as I urged an interview, I was conducted into her study. St John immediately retired, and left us in the sole possession of the apartment. The beautiful girl looked pale and disconsolate, at my entrance; I thought, indeed, she seemed to shrink with an involuntary fear; but her eye grew brighter, and her spirits increased in buoyancy, as we engaged more earnestly in conversation. I wished to question her about the Frenchman, who had accompanied her on the preceding day; but my tongue refused its office at the bidding of the heart's wild pulse. She had just thrown a volume from her hand; it was the *Faust* of Goethe. Reared as she had been in Germany, upon the beautiful banks of the Rhine, her fancy was strongly imbued with romance; and passionately devoted as she was to the German literature, it was natural that her mind should be assimilated to its character. "Goethe," she said, "is my favorite among the German poets. His *Faust*, which I have just been perusing, is regarded by some as a tale of sorcery—a fiendish fiction; but it is here that he exhibits the native strength and majesty of his genius, and the boundless variety of his talents. He has chosen the disguise of the visionary Faust, to embody the feelings of his own mind. He has gone down to the deepest recesses of the soul, and revealed all its secret springs—its dark and hidden mysteries."

"He has a heart to love and appreciate all that is noble in man—or beautiful in nature. Like all the poets of his country, he portrays the romance of moonlight, and silvery fountains, ruined towers and antique castles. He loves to revel among the mountains, waterfalls, and quiet meads; and wild and erratic are his flights. He sees man as he is; and while he contemplates the alternate gloom and sunlight of mortal existence, he imparts his sweetest and most sacred inspirations."

I had gathered confidence from her affability; and was resolved to interrogate her upon the subject which I considered, at that time, of far greater importance, than the wanderings of the muse among the winding streams and traditional crags of Germany.

"A pleasant ride you had yesterday, Miss St John?"

I spoke as calmly as possible, but my voice faltered.

"The day was delightful," she answered, "but I can not say so much for my sentiments or feelings."

"Your companion was, no doubt, agreeable!" I continued.

A look of anger—the radiance of sudden passion—passed over her glowing features.

"You wrong me in the thought," she answered, with such determined energy, that I regretted having made the interrogation.

Steps were heard without—the door opened; the subject of our conversation entered.

"Monsieur Beaumaris, Mr. Ulric."

This was the odious Frenchman, who had obtruded himself into the company of Viola, in contempt and de-

fiance of her dislike for his person and character. He folded his arms upon his breast, with affected nonchalance; but his fierce and vindictive eye betrayed the workings of the passions within. Miss St John seemed to wither beneath his glance.

It was evident she stood in awe of Beaumaris, and endured his society from fear, rather than love, or even respect. I could have grappled with him upon the spot, and torn his frail limbs asunder, so great was my indignation; but the personal safety of Viola forbade it. I left the room somewhat abruptly, and was hurrying through the hall-door, as St John laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"Mr. Ulric," he said, "I hope you will frequently favor us with your company. You will forgive the fond doatings of an old man, when he says you are beloved by his child. You possess Viola's affections. She loves you with an intensity of which you have no conception. I have every reason to believe that it is mutual, (this warrants the liberty I have taken,) and believe me, if you should unite her destiny with *yours*, it will not be without the remnants of my property, which is far from inconsiderable. I do not mention this as an inducement, any farther than it may contribute to your temporal happiness. My time will be but short in this world, and I wish not to take leave of it until I see Viola entrusted to the care of one who is worthy of the charge. You will be aware of Beaumaris;" and here he sunk his voice almost to a whisper—"he aspires to her hand, and will go any extreme to effect his unholy purpose. I can not forbid him her presence—he is connected with me by an indissoluble tie. I can say no more, you will leave me without reply," and before I could render my acknowledgments, he disappeared through the hall-door, restraining his tears.

I meditated seriously on the character of Beaumaris—his pretensions to the hand of Viola—his inexplicable connection with St John; but it all appeared an impenetrable mystery. I was determined to visit more frequently the old mansion, and obtain, if possible, a full explanation of the whole matter. A feverish excitement possessed me—my thoughts, day and night, were centered in Viola. St John was anxious for our union—even the Earl and his niece were now profuse in compliments. And, for the first time in my life, I almost concluded that matrimony was really what the poets and French novelists had termed it, "heaven itself"—a shadowing forth of the joys of Paradise.

The next evening I was again at St John's. I entered the drawing-room, no one was there; I rushed into Viola's study, she was absent; I was equally rapid in my movements into the park, where I knew she sometimes amused herself with a promenade. I glided along the gravel walk, brushed through the long and dewy grass, and arrived at an arbor, romantically situated on the banks of the Thames. Viola was there, gazing thoughtfully on the sheet of waters beneath her. The sound of my footsteps broke in upon her abstraction.

"Ulric! is it you?" she asked in a quick voice; "I thought we were for ever separated!"

"Why such thoughts?" I inquired; but she was silent. My love was kindled almost into a phrenzy. I pressed her hand with unconscious fervor; and the pressure was slightly returned. O! how was I blessed by this touch of her delicate fingers! Our arms were linked in an embrace, and we walked forth to look upon the silvery waters, and enjoy the calmness of the hour. We seated ourselves beneath the branches of a large and spreading elm. It was a glorious night; the pale moon was abroad in pure azure, and the bright stars were upon their watch. A hallowed beauty was around us, a sweet and holy stillness; and the whispering zephyr stole gently along, laden with its many sweets, and fanned the bright curls, that clustered on Viola's brow. I thought she grew still more beautiful, as the full beams of the moon shone upon her now placid features. I felt the warm gush of love springing up anew in my heart; not so wild and turbulent as before, but purer, holier, elevating and exalting my affections. I clasped her in my arms, and stole a burning kiss; and then I looked abroad into the heavens, and gazed for a long time in silence upon the bright and heaven throned moon. We were roused from our reverie by the old mansion clock. It struck ten. Viola was the first to speak.

"Ulric, it grows late," said the lovely girl in hollow tone, gazing wildly around. "Dearest Viola," I exclaimed, "do not freeze me with your coldness. Tell me if I trespass on your time; tell me, if I am not to

share in your affections; and I will obey you if it break my heart."

"Ulric! you are to me as the atmosphere of life, scattering sunshine in the pathway of my existence; but fate decrees our separation! You know not the danger that is hovering around you; forsake me, and be happy! Go forth into the world and enjoy its pleasures, fleeting and fickle as they are. By remaining in my presence, you not only endanger your own happiness, perhaps safety; but increase the sum of my earthly misery, by the certainty of your falling a victim to your own manly and generous impulses. We must part, even here; yet stay a moment! I had something to say, but it is gone! lost in the chaos of thought, the whirlwind of the mind!"

"Confide in me," I exclaimed, "the secret of your unhappiness. Reveal to me the wrongs you have sustained."

She looked about her with a fearful shudder, and attempted to speak, but her agitation was too intense.

"We are alone, Viola," I continued, "there are none around us, nothing, save the invisible and all pervading Spirit; the earth is deaf, and there is no human ear to catch the accents of your tale, but his for which it is intended. Speak on, dearest, speak on! and let your wrongs be told in this silent and solitary spot. Do you fear Beaumaris? Is your father unkind to you?"

"My father!" she exclaimed, "No! no! he never was unkind to me. I can not speak to you as I would wish, heaven knows I cannot, Ulric. I have been struggling with my fears—I was once to-night on the point of telling you all; but my conscience upbraided me, as though it came in rebuke from the Omnipotent. I lost what I was about to utter! stay not a moment longer, the hour is passed when Beaumaris was to return, and he has sworn,"—she hesitated and faltered, shuddering.

"Sworn to shed my blood!" I added.

"I did not say it," she rejoined, "but if you regard my happiness, leave me for the present. At this hour to-morrow night, I will be in the park; approach it from the river, there will be a boat in waiting, and you shall see me. Once more, farewell!" and in a moment she was gone like a star-beam beneath the wings of the tempest.

I hastened through the long vestibule of the mansion; and, as I approached the gate which opened into the street, Beaumaris entered. The Frenchman wore a menacing look; I was in no very amicable or amiable mood myself; and was debating very seriously whether it would be the preeminence of *politesse* to seize Monsieur by the throat. The Frenchman, however, had reverence for his life and limbs, and soon managed to put himself *hors du combat*, by a hasty retreat. The moon was bright, and as I looked up, I observed him in an attic window, to which he had prudently retreated, brandishing at me a rusty sabre, accompanied with numerous imprecations and grimaces. I passed on.

Gentle reader! what, think you, is the sequence now! Do not anticipate a duel between Beaumaris and myself. You will be mistaken. I had a sovereign contempt for the Frenchman, it is true; but I am opposed to duelling, unless it becomes an imperative duty; and then, I think, I should prefer swords. They do the work of death by degrees, and give one time to think about dying. I once thought I never would fall in love, and made a decree never to look at woman when she was smiling, particularly if she had a dimpled cheek. How I have been mistaken! immersed and immured already, and, what is worse, a thousand difficulties to encounter in the pursuit.

Such were my reflections, the next morning after my interview with Viola, as I was promenading the Kensington gardens, to cool my glowing brow, and feverish pulse. I was unexpectedly joined by Sir Archibald. He had come to refresh himself with a walk, and like the ghost in Hamlet, to snuff the morning air. His conversation for the most part was full of playfulness and humor, divested of that solemn rant which had distinguished it upon other occasions. As we passed through the southern gate, on our way out, I observed St John slowly descending from his carriage. He gave orders to his valet to remain, until he had made an excursion in the gardens.

Sir Archibald drew suddenly back. All the fury of the demon was depicted in his countenance. He stood for a moment undecided, as if rallying his nerves, and collecting his strength into one mighty focus; and then, with a tigerlike spring, he grappled St John by the throat. It was a fearful struggle. The latter, with a strength and activity that I thought impossible

to have existed in his withered muscles, shook off his grasp, and stepping back, drew a pistol from the side pocket of his coat.

"Stand at your peril—I seek not your blood!" cried St John in a determined tone.

"Coward! fiend! monster!" cried the exasperated Carnaby. "Are you sated? Will one victim suffice?"

"I will endure your reproaches," replied St John, "without a murmur. I desire to add another day to my miserable existence, and then, Carnaby, you shall know all; then you may execute the vows of your vengeance. Ulric, come to me at sunset to-morrow; bring your companion," and St John sprang into the carriage and was gone.

Here, indeed, was *une bonne aventure*—a real dramatic item, an event of which I never anticipated the record in this narrative. I asked Sir Archibald for an explanation; he refused it. He looked the very image of despair.

"You must leave me, Ulric," he said, "I can not endure the presence of mortal man. Forget not our appointment, to-morrow; call upon me at a seasonable hour."

I left him, and we pursued different courses. I could now, in some measure, account for his dreamy abstractions—his wayward and unsettled character—his incoherent ravings—his very madness. With a patient resignation, I awaited the approach of evening on the ensuing day. I joined Carnaby at the appointed time; and we soon found ourselves at the residence of St John.

Instead of preparing to meet Viola by stealth on the borders of the Thames, I had come to "beard the lion in his den." The animosity existing between Sir Archibald and St John still remained a profound secret; for the former would not open his lips on the subject. I felt assured, however, that the mystery, which hung about Viola, was about to be dispelled. This was all I desired, and I looked forward with anxious impatience to the approaching interview. At length, I was summoned, singly and alone, to his apartment. I found him stretched upon a mattress, holding in his hand a small packet carefully wrapped up. He was deadly pale; and so much enervated, that he spoke in a low and tremulous voice. Fear was not stamped upon his countenance; it was rather the sullen supremacy of despair—the violent conflict of contending emotions.

"You have come, Ulric," he said, almost in whispers, and raising himself at the same time upon his elbow, "but it is to close my eyes in death!" and he sunk down again upon the mattress. He had ruptured a blood vessel a few hours previous, and discharged great quantities of blood.

"You are anxious," he feebly resumed, "to know my history. You shall have it. Call Viola—she must be present." Search was immediately made, but she could not be found. I repaired to the park, where she had promised to meet me in the evening. I found her in the arbor, *spe pendulus hora!*

She knew nothing of St John's situation; and was ignorant of the occurrence during the day. I conducted her into his chamber. A smile lighted his fallow features as she entered.

"Viola, my beloved," he feebly spoke, "you have come to witness my dying moments! I shall soon pass from time into eternity; and you will be freed from my tyranny—my unkindness. But in your gentle nature, I hope to find forgiveness. You will no longer be assailed by the infamous Beaumaris—you need no longer preserve inviolate the oaths you have taken. If I have dealt harshly with you, I have at least cultivated and expanded your mind. If I have acted cruelly towards you, it was because necessity compelled me to it." Here a long pause ensued. "Ulric," he continued, "my history is contained in this packet. Let it be given to the friend who accompanied you hither. Viola!" and here he looked around with the gaze of an idiot. "Viola!" he again resumed, "will you curse me? It is a fearful thing to die! How the damned must writhe with the agonies of hell! Oh! I am freezing! Viola, give me your hand, it will warm me!" and here his long bony fingers were extended. "Place it in mine, dearest girl! and say you forgive me! your cruel—your undeserving Uncle."

"Uncle!" she thoughtfully repeated, raising her hand to her forehead, and then gave a shriek, that re-echoed fearfully through the mansion. "Monster, away! my mother's blood is upon that hand!" cried the girl, as she was leaving the room in frantic desperation.

"Stay! stay!" cried St John, with vehemence, "stay one moment, and say you can forgive me. I have

wronged you; but can not my penitence move you to pity? Nay, look at me, I am withering away, and it is the deep sense of my crimes that inflicts this curse. Give me your hand, and say that I am pardoned, and death will be less terrific."

"If it is to relieve death of its stings," said Viola, "you have my forgiveness; and may you as ardently implore that of the Most High!"

St John grasped her hand with a convulsive shudder.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I am happy now. Your touch, Viola, has infused a new charm into my soul. Death is upon me—I feel his cold and icy fingers! Viola, one word more! Stoop down, my breath is exhausted! nearer—nearer still, and now can I utter it? beneath this roof you have a parent! Implore him to forgive me!"

Viola started with amazement; and I was equally astonished at the intelligence. Could it be Sir Archibald? I knew of no other. I hurried to him with the packet; and he confessed that the dying man was his brother. He fixed his eyes intently upon the manuscript. It was as follows, in the handwriting of the *ci-devant* St John; it was addressed to his brother, Sir Archibald Carnaby. It had been written after their *rencontre* in the morning:

"You are burning with a thirst for revenge; but it can not affect me. You failed this morning in the execution of your dreadful purpose, but it was the kindly intervention of Providence, for if I had then fallen by your hand, the secret of your daughter's existence might have gone with me to the grave." Here Carnaby convulsively caught me by the arm, and then eagerly resumed the narrative. "I need not tell you we were the sons of a profligate English nobleman. You are the eldest. We were all traveling in Italy, where our parent was suddenly carried off by the malaria of the campagna. His money was equally divided between us; we had each fifty thousand pounds sterling. We were both introduced to an Italian lady called Gabriella, of great beauty and high rank, without a fortune to support it. We were both suitors for her hand; both had equal pretensions; and hence, mutual jealousy usurped the place of fraternal love. You remember, we were playing one night at *ecarte*. We had our respective fortunes in our pockets. I played largely; still expecting to redeem what I had lost. I was unsuccessful; and my wealth was yours. You retained the utmost farthing, while I was beggared. But it was not your avarice. No! no! you were generous even to a fault. There was another motive. It was the love you bore Gabriella. By this means you hoped to mock my pretensions to her hand. While I remained in poverty, you knew I could not be your successful rival. You succeeded in your design; and were united with her at the altar. From that moment I resolved to become your murderer. And here, Carnaby, you may curse yourself, it was your own imprudence that goaded me on to this fiendish design. I took an oath that you should die upon your bridal couch. In this I was disappointed. You knew the infirmity of my temper; and in two hours from the time of your nuptials, you had disappeared. I wandered about from place to place, gaining a precarious subsistence by gambling. Years passed away; I found myself walking on the Champs Elysees of Paris. I accidentally observed you passing in the crowd, with Gabriella on one side, and a little girl on the other. I supposed the latter to be your daughter. I was then reduced to the utmost poverty, while you were, apparently, affluent and happy. I called to mind your conduct towards me in early life; and my schemes of unexecuted revenge came fresh into my exasperated mind. I followed you for hours; and at length traced you to a house in the Rue St. Honore.

It seems, after many years' absence, in foreign countries, you took up your residence in Paris, with the hope, that if you should ever meet me, that time had softened the asperities of my temper. You little knew my real disposition. You haunted me like a dream; and one night I stabbed a man in the Tuilleries whom I believed to be you. I was mistaken; and escaped the dreadful retribution of justice, for a more fearful end. I managed to secure the confidence and agency of your valet, Beaumaris. He enabled me to enter your house. We passed into the drawing-room. You had been playing successfully in the early part of the evening at your favorite game of *ecarte*, with a rich young duke, who had just escaped his minority. Nearly the whole of your fortune, as Beaumaris told me, was lying rather carelessly upon the table. I took it into my possession, and gave five hundred francs to my accomplice to keep

the secret. I thought I was justified; it was only taking back what rightly belonged to me. Still, it was not a desire for wealth; it was the hope that it would render you miserable, should I fail in taking your life. I proceeded to your chamber. You were locked in the arms of Gabriella, as if half conscious of the danger which threatened you. A dim lamp cast its flickering beams upon the walls, and lighted me to my revenge, my agony, my remorse. I was about to make the fatal plunge which would have ended your existence, but a thought flashed across my mind that this would not fill the measure of my long protracted vengeance. I knew you loved Gabriella to ecstasy, to madness; and as I gazed upon her beautiful features, the prince of darkness and of hell whispered that her death would more fully requite my wrongs. It was but the work of a moment—my knife was bathed in her blood! You started up, terrified and maddened. I taunted you with an air of hellish triumph, for you were naked and defenceless before me; and then I held up to your gaze the still reeking weapon that had drank the vital blood of your wife. I permitted you to recognize me, and then fled the house.

"Still I was not satisfied. The dreadful vortex of my revenge was ready to swallow up new victims. I assumed an impenetrable disguise, and obtained every information respecting you from the mercenary Beaumaris. Three nights after that I scattered firebrands in your house, and was the first to view the flames curling to the skies. Oh! what a savage exultation I felt! You were running wildly through the crowd, which the fire had already collected. I watched your movements—I listened to your fearful cries; and every shriek you uttered, was to me the most delicate music of the lute. A general movement was now made towards a part of the house, to which the fire had just communicated. Your child was in danger of perishing in the flames, and a hundred voices were shouting for her rescue. You were looking earnestly up at a window, with your eyes fixed, and your hands clenched. I heard you cry, 'she's lost! she's lost!' and then you burst into a frantic laugh. It was the very agony of despair and madness. I was foremost in the pursuit; I found your child, and carried her away to an unfrequented abode. It was my intention to have still watched you, and told you that your daughter lived, but that you should never enjoy her society.

"Instead of this, however, I learned you had suddenly disappeared. A person of your description was reported to have thrown himself, about that time, into the Seine; and I felt almost assured that you had perished.

"There was nothing more to rouse my fierce and vindictive temper—nothing to stir up the deadly passions of contention and wickedness. I believed the object of my hatred had passed away, and with it, in some degree, the relentless and obduracy of my evil heart. Oh! Carnaby, how abject, how humiliated I felt! A rapid change came over me. I was like a withered and decaying tree, which the lightnings have scorched and scathed by their extremest burnings. Your daughter, whom you called Viola, was now subject to my counsel and control. She was impressed with the belief, that you had perished in the flames; and that I was the only one on whom she could depend for protection. She thought my kindness to her was the disinterested benevolence of a stranger. She was ignorant of our kindred: for I had already changed my name to that of St John; and sometimes the little prattler talked about her cruel uncle, who had killed her dear mother.

"I was in possession of your wealth, which I had nefariously obtained in the drawing-room; and I had already appropriated it to the development of Viola's mind. We set out for Germany, and took up our residence on the banks of the Rhine, where your daughter had every facility for acquiring a good education. And here you will pause, Carnaby, to bless the munificence of my remorse towards your child. She applied herself diligently; and grew up in beauty, as she did in intellect, unrivaled.

"There is another painful circumstance connected with my history. The infamous Beaumaris was enamored of Viola's charms. He aspired to her hand; although she spurned him as a loathsome reptile. He threatened to betray me into the hands of justice, for the murder of your wife, if I did not compel the girl to accept his addresses. To get rid of his presence, we fled from Germany, and came to England. He still followed us like the spectre of a haunted ship.

"A short time since, I was unexpectedly accosted by

our old friend the Earl of —. His niece and a Mr. Ulric were in company. I took him aside and partially explained the nature of my situation. I had no other alternative. He promised to keep the secret; for it seems he heard you swear you would be the avenger of your wife's blood, if ever I crossed your path. I found that Mr. Ulric appreciated the worth of Viola; and I endeavored, together with the Earl, to cement their affections, so that the unhappy girl might be rescued from the clutches of the despicable Beaumaris.

"You now have my history; and I pray I may have your forgiveness. I am weak with the loss of blood; and now, most injured, yet still beloved brother, a long, an everlasting farewell!"

So ended the history of this unfortunate man. And, it happened most unaccountably too, that just as Sir Archibald had finished the manuscript, Viola entered, with a heaving bosom and an uncertain step. (Do not accuse me, gentle reader, of having anything to do with fiction.) The father recognized the features of his child; embraced her with parental fondness; and kissed the tears from her bright cheek. He released her hold, (for she still clung fondly to him,) and hastened to attend his dying brother. Sir Archibald hastily entered his chamber, and found him gasping for breath, with his eyes fixed in death. He knelt down at his side, and pressed his hand. He opened his eyes for the last time; he saw his brother kneeling in prayer beside him. He smiled, and that smile was the recognition of forgiveness.

Beaumaris dispatched himself with the identical pistol he was preparing to assassinate me; and, gentle reader, should you wish to learn anything further of Viola, whether mademoiselle or madame, honor me with a visit at my residence on the Schuylkill, and I shall answer all reasonable questions with luminous conscientiousness.—*North American Magazine.*

HISTORY OF OHIO.

CHAPTER V.

Only a few weeks elapsed after the return of the army of general Harmar, from the expedition against the towns on the Maumee, until the Indians came upon the frontiers to revenge themselves. They did not wait for the return of spring; but, contrary to their usual system of warfare, commenced their operations in the middle of winter.

Their first attack was upon the settlement at Big-Bottom, upon the Muskingum, thirty-five miles above Marietta. Previous to that time, the people in that part of the country had never been molested by the Indians; but, on the contrary, frequently received friendly visits from them; and, having experienced their uninterrupted peaceful disposition for almost three years, had become entirely unapprehensive of any danger. The settlement at Big-Bottom was composed principally of young men without families, who, by becoming actual settlers, had each entitled themselves to a tract of one hundred acres, in a large body of land laid out in donation lots by the Ohio company, upon the frontier of their purchase. They occupied a block-house and two cabins, all near together, and amounted to only eighteen in number, besides a woman and two children. A party of Indians approached the settlement on the second of January, 1791, and laid concealed, upon the watch, until the dusk of the evening, when they divided into two parties, one of which went to one of the cabins, while the other went towards the blockhouse. The party that undertook the capture of the cabin, entered it without noise, and in a manner apparently friendly; but as soon as they all got in, they made signs to the men within it, four in number, to be quiet, threatening them with the tomahawk in case they resisted, and immediately bound them as prisoners. The other party came to the door of the blockhouse, and found its inmates, who had shortly before come in from their work, engaged in preparing their supper, with their arms laid carelessly around the apartment. A large Mohawk Indian suddenly pushed open the door, and his followers poured in a volley with their rifles, and then rushed in and completed the work with their tomahawks. The only resistance they met with was made by the woman. While the Mohawk was holding the door open, at the moment of the firing, she seized an axe, with which she gave him a severe wound; but she was immediately afterwards tomahawked. The only one in the blockhouse who was not killed, was a boy who concealed himself in the bedding, piled up in the corner of the room, and was not discovered, until the Indians began to search for plunder after the massacre was over. They saved his life, and afterwards carried him to Detroit, together with the four men taken in the cabin. The other cabin was occupied by two men named Ballard, who immediately on hearing the firing at the blockhouse, rushed out and made their escape, and reached the next frontier settlement before daylight, in time to put the inhabitants on their guard. The Indians came on early in the morning; but finding the people prepared

for their defence, made no attack, and retired without molesting any other settlement.

Within a few days after the attack upon the settlements on the Muskingum, a much more formidable force approached those in the Miami country. The frontier post in that quarter was Dunlap's station, now Cole-raine, on the Great Miami. The garrison consisted of thirty-five regulars under the command of captain Kingsbury, and there were about fifteen men of the inhabitants capable of taking part in its defence. About the 10th of January, the Indian force, which was supposed to amount to three hundred warriors, invested the fort. In their approach, they fell in with some men who were ranging the woods, killed one named Cunningham, wounded another named Sloane, who however escaped to the fort, and took one, named Abner Hunt, prisoner. When they surrounded the fort, they fastened a cord to Hunt's ankle, and made him get upon a log and demand a surrender, in which case they promised that all lives should be spared; but declared that, otherwise, the whole garrison, as well as Hunt the prisoner, should be massacred. The garrison refused to surrender, and Hunt was told to run and try to make his escape; but he answered that he could not. The Indians immediately put their threats, with regard to Hunt, into execution. He was tortured and mangled in a most barbarous manner; and the last of his sufferings, from the appearance of his body after the siege was broken up, was the burning of his bowels with a flaming brand. The attack upon the fort then commenced, and the firing was continued throughout the day, during which a number of the Indians were killed and wounded, while the only injury done to any of the garrison was a slight wound to one of the men, in the arm. The women bore their part in the defence, by running bullets, for which purpose, when lead failed, they melted down their pewter utensils. When night came, and the firing had ceased, one of the men left the garrison, and having succeeded in making his way through the Indians without being noticed, reached Cincinnati in safety, where he gave the first intelligence of the attack of the station. The news was spread to Columbia, and the inhabitants of both places volunteered; so that with the regulars that could be spared from fort Washington, a considerable force was raised, which marched without delay to the relief of the place. They arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon, and found that the Indians had given up the siege about two hours before; having first either killed or driven off all the stock around the garrison. They were followed a short distance, but were not overtaken, and it was not deemed prudent to pursue them very far. The siege had lasted about twenty-six hours.

In the course of the following spring, the enemy again began to lay in wait for boats upon the Ohio. About the 20th of March, a detachment of troops was ascending the river from fort Washington to Limestone, and were surprised by the Indians, and twenty out of twenty-two were massacred with the tomahawk, without a gun being fired. A few men, during the same spring, started, in a periogue, from Cincinnati to Columbia, and were attacked a little above the mouth of Deer creek, and several of them were killed. But a short time afterwards, a desperate encounter with a single boat discouraged them from that mode of fighting, and the river subsequently remained unmolested. In fact, there was probably no occurrence in the whole war, in which more signal bravery was displayed, than in Hubbell's boat fight; and no victory was ever better merited by those who obtained it.

Captain William Hubbell had removed from Vermont to the neighborhood of Frankfort in Kentucky, and having gone to the eastward on business, was returning down the river in a flat-boat which he had purchased on the Monongahela. The company on board having received various accessions on its passage down, consisted, on leaving the mouth of the Kenhawa, of nine men, three women, and eight children. From various circumstances, it was thought probable that they would be attacked by the Indians, and Mr. Hubbell was appointed commander of the boat, and preparations were made to resist any attack that might be made upon them, by dividing the nine men into watches of three, and putting their arms in as good condition as possible. In the evening of the 23d of March, they overtook six boats, and at first thought of continuing in their company; but they soon found that they were likely to be in more danger by keeping together than by leaving them, as they could not be prevailed upon to make the proper dispositions for resisting the attack of the enemy, which there was so much reason to expect. They accordingly manned their oars, and went ahead of the other boats, one of which, however, in charge of capt. Greathouse, at first kept with them, but its crew ceasing to row, it fell behind. During the early part of the night, a canoe was seen floating along, in which they supposed were Indians observing them. They thought it most probable that the attack would not be made until daylight, and therefore continued their regular division of the night-watch, intending as soon as morning appeared, to make all the show of force that was possible, by having all the men visible. It was arranged that the women and children, in case of attack, should lie down in the bottom of the boat, with the baggage piled around them. Just at the dawn they were hailed from the shore, and begged in the most piteous tone to land and take some white people on board; but knowing the artifices used by the In-

dians, they kept on their way, when the language of entreaty was turned to that of abuse and insult, and verified their suspicions. They soon heard the sound of paddles approaching them, and before long saw three canoes coming to the attack, each containing from twenty-five to thirty Indians. Every thing likely to prove an incumbrance was thrown overboard, and the men took their positions, with directions to fire successively, and to make every shot tell. The Indians on coming up, placed one of their canoes before the bow of the boat, one astern, and the other at one side, and a volley was poured in by one of them, which wounded two of the boat's crew. The fire was returned, and checked the Indians, and it then became more deliberate on both sides. In a short time, captain Hubbell had his right arm disabled by a ball passing through it, and for awhile his hand was paralyzed by the shock. When the power of using it returned, he rushed forward to the bow of the boat with a pair of pistols, to repel the enemy, who were just attempting to board, and had got their hands upon the sides. He fired his pistols, and then caught up some small wood from a pile prepared for the fire, with which he prevented them from entering, and finally beat them off. About this time the boat of captain Greathouse appeared in sight, and the Indians left Hubbell's boat to attack it. It was taken without the least resistance, and rowed to the shore, where the captain and a boy were murdered. The Indians then took the women who were on board, placed them in their own canoes, and returned to the attack of Hubbell's boat, the defenders of which were reduced to the alternative of yielding, or perhaps of killing the women, whom the Indians placed in the most exposed situations. Four of the boat's crew had been disabled entirely, in the first encounter, and the captain was severely wounded in two places. They nevertheless resisted the attack with desperate resolution, and the Indians were compelled to draw off to the shore. By this time the boat had drifted close to the bank, and several hundred Indians were running down, and commenced firing upon them. Only two of the crew were now unhurt, and they were placed at the oars, while the others laid down wherever they could screen themselves from the enemy's fire, which was continued for about twenty minutes, before they got out of its reach, when the women and children were paraded on the deck, and all joined in three cheers as a parting salutation to their discomfited assailants.

Two of the crew had been killed in the contest, and another mortally wounded. Only two of the nine had escaped unhurt. One of the children in the bottom of the boat had received a wound in his arm and another in his forehead, but had lain quiet, and did not even inform his mother until the contest was over; because, he said, the captain had ordered them to remain silent, and he was afraid she would have made a noise, if he had told her.

The boat reached Limestone about midnight following the day of the battle. Every plank above water was pierced with bullet-holes; hardly a space of two feet square being to be found which did not contain several. The five boats, which they had passed on the night before the attack, arrived safely at Limestone the next day, the Indians not having ventured to assail so many together, after being so signally defeated in their encounter with a single one.

After the return of general Harmar's expedition, governor St. Clair had sent conciliatory messages to the Miami tribe of Indians, but with no effect. In March, the attempt was again renewed, by sending Complanter, a Seneca chief, with several others of his tribe, to the Miami villages, with instructions to impress the Indians with the desire cherished by the United States, for the establishment of peace, and with the evil consequences they would draw upon themselves by persisting in their hostilities. These overtures likewise failed. In April, similar messages were sent to the Delawares, but with the same result.

During the spring, one of the spies employed in the service of the Ohio Company's settlements was killed by the Indians on the Hockhocking. On the 21st of May, two men were at work upon an out-lot in Cincinnati, when they were fired upon by the Indians, and one of them, named Joseph Cutter, was taken prisoner, but the other escaped unhurt. Some young men soon collected and started in pursuit, eight of whom, out of forty, continued after reaching the tops of the hills. They soon were able to distinguish Cutter's tracks, in consequence of his losing one of his shoes; and discovered also, that the Indians were equal to themselves in number. They continued the pursuit on the run, until dark; when they returned to Cincinnati, and found afterwards that the Indians only went about two miles farther than they were followed, before they encamped. A party went out after them the next day, but did not overtake them. On the first of June, John Van Cleve, the man who escaped when Cutter was taken, was at work, with two other men, upon the same out-lot. They were fired upon by some Indians, and immediately ran for the town. After running several hundred yards, Van Cleve had become considerably in advance of the others, when a naked Indian, who it was supposed had concealed himself in a tree-top for the purpose of intercepting their retreat, sprang upon him, and a short struggle ensued, in which he succeeded in throwing the Indian upon the ground, but at the same instant received a mortal wound from his knife. The Indian stabbed him several times, and having taken

his scalp, ran off, before the other two men came up, by which time he was already dead.

In May, general Scott, of Kentucky, conducted an expedition of volunteers against the Indians upon the Wabash, which on the 1st of June, arrived at their villages, several of which they destroyed; and thirty-two of the enemy were killed, and fifty-eight taken prisoners. The army returned to Kentucky, without having lost a man.

In the mean time the government had determined that an army should be raised and led against the Indians, consisting of a force that they would not dare to encounter, and commanded by an officer, whose qualifications for the station were thought to be such as would insure a successful issue to the campaign. The command was confided to general St. Clair, who, although he had been uniformly unfortunate in his previous military career, enjoyed the highest confidence of president Washington, and the general respect of the army. The force with which he commenced his campaign consisted of three regular regiments, principally new levies without discipline, with two companies of artillery and one of cavalry, and upwards of six hundred Kentucky militia. Fort Hamilton was built in their advance, during the month of September, and afterwards fort Jefferson, in the early part of October. The object of the expedition was the destruction of the towns on the Maumee, against which Harmer's campaign had been made. After placing a garrison in fort Jefferson, the army continued to advance slowly, having to open a road with much labor, until, on the 3d of November, it encamped on the ground afterwards occupied by fort Recovery. By the time it reached that place, in consequence of the failure of the contractor, the supply of provisions was not sufficient for the consumption of the troops, and they were put upon short allowance. From this reason, or from some other cause of dissatisfaction, sixty of the Kentucky militia had deserted upon the last day of October, and turned homeward, and one of the regular regiments had been dispatched to bring them back, and also to escort some provisions, which were supposed to be upon the road. The absence of this regiment, and the detachments which had been left behind in the garrisons, had reduced the army, by the time it reached its encampment on the 3d of November, to about fourteen or fifteen hundred men. At this time the general supposed that he was within about fifteen miles of the enemy's town, but the real distance was about forty-five; and the creek before the camp, which he supposed to be the St. Mary's river, was a branch of the Wabash. The ground being favorable, he had determined upon erecting a slight work for the protection of the baggage, the principal part of which he intended to leave there, and to move onward to the attack of the enemy, as soon as the detached regiment should arrive. The main body of the army encamped in two lines, about seventy yards apart, with the creek in front, and the militia were posted on the opposite side of the stream, about a quarter of a mile in advance. Still in advance of the militia, captain Slough was posted with a company of regulars, with orders to intercept any small parties of the enemy that might approach with a design to molest the camp, and to communicate information of any important circumstance that he might observe. Colonel Oldham, who commanded the Kentucky militia, received orders to be vigilant during the night, and to send out patrols of twenty-five or thirty men, in different directions before daylight, for the purpose of scouring the woods. The front line of the main body was composed of three battalions, commanded by major-general Butler; and the second line consisted of two battalions commanded by major Bedinger and major Gaither, and a regiment commanded by colonel Darke. The right flank was secured by the creek and a steep bank, and some of the cavalry with their pickets covered the left.

A few Indians had been observed in the evening, who fled with precipitation when the militia advanced across the creek to encamp. Captain Slough, who had been posted in advance, was alarmed during the night by the enemy approaching him in front and on the flanks in considerable numbers; and some time before daylight so many of them appeared, that he fell back upon the militia, and reported the fact to general Butler, who paid no attention to the circumstance, and gave no notice of it to general St. Clair. Colonel Oldham also neglected the commands that had been given to him to scour the woods before daylight; and the consequence was, that neither the army nor its commander knew of the vicinity of the enemy. It had been a constant practice to beat the reveille and parade the troops under arms before daylight. On the morning of the fourth, this had been done, and the troops, after remaining on parade until about half an hour before sunrise, had just been dismissed, when the enemy suddenly attacked the militia in front. The drums immediately beat to arms as soon as the firing was heard, and the troops were formed as expeditiously as possible; but the militia were soon broken, and came running into the camp in disorder, followed by the Indians, and rushing through the front line, threw it into confusion, which it was afterwards impossible entirely to remedy. The enemy now vigorously attacked the first line, but were considerably checked by a pretty well-directed fire in return. It was only for an instant, however; and in a few minutes the second line was attacked also. The weight of the fire was directed against the centre, where the artillery was placed.

The camp extended about three hundred and fifty yards, and it was soon wholly surrounded, and attacked from all quarters. The artillery-men were soon shot down, and the guns silenced. The enemy concealed and sheltered themselves behind logs, trees and banks, and continued a most deadly fire upon the exposed troops, while they themselves suffered but inconsiderable loss. The carnage was tremendous. General St. Clair was so ill with the gout, that he was unable to mount a horse without assistance; and general Butler, the second in command, was shot down and tomahawked early in the action. The officers suffered more than usual, in consequence of being exposed, while endeavoring to restore order among the men. After the artillerymen had been driven from their guns or killed, their places were supplied with infantry; but it was impossible for them to withstand the deadly fire of the enemy, and the guns were again silenced. General St. Clair directed his litter to the quarter where the attack was hottest, and ordered lieutenant colonel Darke to charge the enemy with the bayonet. The order was executed with great spirit and with apparent effect; the Indians were driven back three or four hundred yards, but colonel Darke was unable to maintain his ground, and was in turn driven back by the enemy. At the same time the Indians had broken into the camp upon the opposite side, and a charge was ordered in that quarter, with the same effect. The Indians were routed and driven back; but immediately forced the charging party to retire, and pursued them back to the camp as before. Several charges were made in this manner, and all with the same result. In each of them many men were lost, and the officers were almost all cut off. This circumstance in consequence of the rawness and inexperience of the troops, had a very material effect upon the fortune of the day. One regiment lost all its officers except three, of whom one was wounded by a shot through the body. The artillery officers were all killed except one, and he was severely wounded. At length it was manifest, that nothing but a retreat could save the remainder of the army. Nearly half the men and four-fifths of the officers had fallen; and the fire of the enemy was as destructive and incessant as ever. The general, therefore, ordered colonel Darke to form the remnants of the battalions, and to charge the enemy, as if with a design to turn their right flank, but in reality to gain the road. The charge was made, and the Indians opened to the right and left, and two or three hundred troops had got through their lines, before they discovered that a retreat was intended. The camp and artillery were abandoned, the horses being nearly all killed; the general himself being mounted upon an old packhorse, that could not be forced out of a walk. No order could be preserved in the retreat, which soon became a flight. The men threw away their arms and accoutrements. Some endeavored to assist others forward, and some abandoned their friends to their fate, without an effort to save them. The enemy hung upon the rear, where stragglers were continually falling behind, to be massacred by the tomahawk, and no attempt was made to repel their pursuers, who continued to annoy them for about four miles. The same disorder reigned even after the pursuit had ceased, and the road was strewn with arms for many miles further. The fugitives at length reached fort Jefferson, which was twenty-nine miles from the battleground, about sunset.

The killed in St. Clair's defeat amounted to six hundred and thirty, and the wounded to two hundred and forty-four, in addition to wagoners, drovers, packhorsemen, and women! It was supposed that there were near two hundred women with the army, only three of whom escaped. Of the officers thirty-seven were killed and thirty wounded. Among the former were major-general Butler, colonel Oldham of the Kentucky militia, two majors, twelve captains, and seven lieutenants.

When the army reached fort Jefferson, they found there the regiment which had been sent after the militia deserters, whom they had been unable to overtake. They had returned without meeting the convoys of provisions, that had been expected, and there were none in the fort. A council having been called, it was unanimously agreed, that the strength of the army, even with the addition of the regiment that had not been in the action, was not equal to what it was in the morning, and it was not advisable to advance again. It was therefore determined, to return to winter quarters in fort Washington, leaving a garrison, with the wounded men, in fort Jefferson. The march was accordingly resumed about 10 o'clock the same evening; and after marching all night, and a part of the following day, they met a convoy of provisions, some of which were appropriated to the supply of their wants, and the rest sent to fort Jefferson. On the 8th of Nov. the remains of the army arrived at fort Washington.

The Indian force, which defeated St. Clair, has been variously estimated, at from fifteen hundred to four thousand men. The smallest number has, however, generally been considered nearest the truth. It was commanded by a chief who had accompanied Burgoyne's army, in his campaign during the war of the revolution, and it was supposed that he alone had devised the plan of attack, in opposition to the opinions of the other chiefs.

Soon after the return of the army to fort Washington, general Scott, of Kentucky, conducted a body of mounted volunteers, which had been raised as soon as intelligence

of the disaster was received, to the battle ground. They approached it with caution and secrecy, and a party sent to reconnoitre, found several hundred of the enemy occupying the ground, still enjoying themselves over the plunder of the camp. All were in fine humor—some drunk, some playing and sporting in different ways, among whom were some diverting themselves with riding the bullocks with their faces towards their tails. General Scott immediately disposed his forces so as to fall upon them suddenly, and completely routed them, killing upwards of two hundred, with a very inconsiderable loss on his own part. The artillery, and some of the baggage yet remaining upon the field, were recovered, and about six hundred muskets were picked up in the camp and on the road, where they had been thrown away by the fugitives. Thus closed the eventful year of 1791.—*West. Mo. Mag.*

SELECTED TALES.

THE FALSE RHYME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FRANKENSTEIN.

"Come tell me where the maid is found,
Whose heart can love without deceit,
And I will range the world around,
To sigh one moment at her feet."

Thomas Moore.

On a fine July day, the fair Margaret, queen of Navarre, then on a visit to her royal brother, had arranged a rural feast for the morning following, which Francis declined attending. He was melancholy, and the cause was said to be some lover's quarrel with a favorite dame. The morning came, and dark rain and murky clouds destroyed at once the schemes of the courtly throng. Margaret was angry, and she grew weary; her only hope for amusement was in Francis, and he had shut himself up—an excellent reason why she should the more desire to see him. She entered his apartment; he was standing at the casement, against which the noisy shower bent, writing with a diamond on the glass. Two beautiful dogs were his sole companions. As queen Margaret entered, he hastily let down the silken curtain before the window, and looked a little confused.

"What treason is this, my liege," said the queen, "which crimson your cheek? I must see the same."
"It is treason," replied the king, "and therefore sweet, sweet sister, thou mayest not see it."

This the more excited Margaret's curiosity, and a playful contest ensued. Francis at last yielded; he threw himself on a huge high-backed settee; and as the lady drew back the curtain with an arch smile, he grew grave and sentimental, as he reflected on the cause which had inspired his libel against all woman-kind.

"What have we here?" cried Margaret; "nay this is lese majeste—"

'Souvent femme varie,
Bien fou qui s'y fie!'

Very little change would greatly amend your couplet; would it not run better thus—

'Souvent homme varie,
Bien folle qui s'y fie!'

I could tell you twenty stories of man's inconstancy."

"I will be content with one true tale of woman's fidelity," said Francis dryly; "but do not provoke me. I would fain be at peace with the soft mutabilities, for thy dear sake."

"I defy your grace," replied Margaret, rashly, "to instance the falsehood of one noble and reputed dame."

"Not even Emilie De Lagny?" asked the king.

This was a sore subject for the queen. Emilie had been brought up in her own household, the most beautiful and most virtuous of her maids of honor. She had long loved the Sire De Lagny, and their nuptials were celebrated with rejoicings but ominous of the result. De Lagny was accused but a year after of traitorously yielding to the emperor, a fortress under his command, and he was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. For some time Emilie seemed inconsolable, often visiting the miserable dungeon of her husband, and suffering on her return, from witnessing his wretchedness, such paroxysms of grief as threatened her life. Suddenly, in the midst of her sorrow, she disappeared; and inquiry only divulged the disgraceful fact, that she had escaped from France, bearing her jewels with her, and accompanied by her page, Bobinet Leroux. It was whispered that, during their journey, the lady and the stripling often occupied one chamber; and Margaret, enraged at these discoveries, commanded that no further quest should be made for her lost favorite.

Taunted now by her brother, she defended Emilie, declaring that she believed her to be guiltless, even going so far as to boast that within a month she would bring proof of her innocence.

"Robinet was a pretty boy," said Francis, laughing.

"Let us make a bet," said Margaret; "if I lose, I will bear this vile rhyme of thine as a motto to my shame to my grave; if I win—"

"I will break my window, and grant thee whatever boon thou askest."

The result of this bet was long sung by troubador and minstrel. The queen employed a hundred emissaries—published rewards for any intelligence of Emilie—all in vain. The month was expiring, and Margaret would have given many bright jewels to redeem her word. On the eve of the fatal day, the jailor of the prison in which Sire de Lagny was confined sought an audience of the queen; he brought her a message from the knight to say, that if the lady Margaret would ask his pardon as her boon, and obtain from her royal brother that he might be brought before him, her bet was won. Fair Margaret was very joyful, and readily made the desired promise.

Francis was unwilling to see his false servant, but he was in high good humor, for a cavalier had that morning brought intelligence of a victory over the Imperialists. The messenger himself was lauded in the dispatches as the most fearless and bravest knight in France. The king loaded him with presents, only regretting that a vow prevented the soldier from raising his visor or declaring his name.

The same evening, as the setting sun shone on the lattice on which the ungallant rhyme was traced, Francis reposed on the same settee, and the beautiful queen of Navarre, with triumph in her bright eyes, sat beside him. Attended by guards, the prisoner was brought in; his frame was attenuated by privation, and he walked with tottering steps. He knelt at the feet of Francis, and uncovered his head; a quantity of rich golden hair then escaping, fell over the sunken cheeks and pallid brow of the suppliant.

"We have treason here!" cried the king; "Sir jailor, where is your prisoner?"

"Sire blame him not," said the soft faltering voice of Emilie; "wiser men than he have been deceived by woman. My dear lord was guiltless of the crime for which he suffered. There was but one mode to save him:—I assumed his chains—he escaped with poor Robinet Leroux in my attire—he joined your army: the young and gallant cavalier who delivered the dispatches to your grace, whom you overwhelmed with honors and rewards, is my own Eguerrard de Lagny. I waited but for his arrival with testimonials of his innocence, to declare myself to my lady, the queen. Has she not won her bet? And the boon she asks—"

"Is de Lagny's pardon" said Margaret, as she also knelt to the king; "spare your faithful vassal, sire, and reward this lady's truth."

Francis first broke the false-speaking window, then he raised the ladies from their supplicatory posture.

In the tournament given to celebrate this "Triumph of Ladies," the Sire de Lagny bore off every prize; and surely there was more loveliness in Emilie's faded cheek—more grace in her enlaced form, type as they were of true affection, than in the prouder bearing and fresher complexion of the most brilliant beauty in attendance in the courtly festival.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

POETRY.—(From *Montgomery's Lectures*.) Poetry is the oldest, the rarest, and the most excellent of the fine arts. It was the first fixed form of language; the earliest perpetuation of thought; it existed before prose in history, before music in melody, before painting in description, and before sculpture in imagery. Anterior to the discovery of letters, it was employed to communicate the lessons of wisdom, to celebrate the achievements of valor, and to promulgate the sanctions of law. Music was invented to accompany, and painting and sculpture to illustrate it.

The art of constructing easy, elegant, and even spirited verse, may be acquired by any mind of moderate capacity, and enriched with liberal knowledge; and those who cultivate this talent may occasionally hit upon some happy theme, and handle it with such unaccustomed delicacy or force, that for a while they outdo themselves, and produce that which adds to the public stock of permanent poetry. But habitually to frame the lay that quickens the pulse, flushes the cheek,

warms the heart, and expands the soul of the hearer,—playing upon his passions as upon a lyre, and making him to feel as though he were holding converse with a spirit; this is the art of Nature herself, invariably and perpetually pleasing, by a secret and undefinable charm, which lives through all her works, and causes the very stones, as well as the stars, to cry out—

"The hand that made us is divine."

Poetry transcends music in the passion, pathos, and meaning of its movements; for its harmonies are ever united with distinct feelings and emotions of the rational soul; their associations are always clear and easily comprehensible: whereas music, when it is not allied to language, or does not appeal to memory, is simply a sensual and vague, though an innocent and highly exhilarating delight, conveying no direct improvement to the heart, and leaving little permanent impression upon the mind.

Sculpture is the noblest, but the most limited of the manual fine arts; it produces the fewest, but the greatest effects; it approaches nearest to nature, and yet can present little besides models of her living forms, and those principally in repose.

NATURAL HISTORY.—We have been favored with the following account of a very extraordinary species of Larvæ, recently observed by Richard Williams, Jr., Esq., of Drumcondra, in Grumley's Well, at the summit of a little brook that flows down the side of Ticknock, and which, as far as we know, is hitherto undescribed. It inhabits the water where it fixes its chrysalis in a manner that must excite admiration, and raise it to a rank in the scale of architectural skill far above the bee, the spider, or the termite. Its habitation is a perfect balloon in shape, structure, and intention, with this qualification, that its buoyancy is calculated for the watery element instead of the ærial. It is almost exactly shaped like a Florence oil flask, with rather a shorter neck, and is composed of a delicate, opaque, cream white skin, of about the substance of the internal membrane of a silkworm's cocoon. This elegant little balloon, which is about two inches in length and one in diameter, is suspended, mouth downwards, in the running stream, by a most perfect grey silken cord net-work thrown over it (exactly in the style an aeronaut would suspend his car), which is united at bottom in three or four strong lines of about an inch in length, each bearing a little stone, by way of anchor, which effectually hold the balloon buoyant with the air bubbles it catches, at a safe distance above the bottom. If it were in still water, it would probably float upright, but in the rapid current of Grumley's Well, it is kept dancing in an inclined direction at an angle of about 45 deg., and about two inches below the surface. Within this little floating vehicle sits the grub unseen, where he, no doubt, incessantly devours "all the fish that comes into his net," the mouth of which, one fourth of an inch in diameter, stands most invitingly open to the current by means of the ingenious plan of anchorage acted on by the little architect. It seems that it possesses complete power to exclude all air and excrementitious matter when the balloon gets inconveniently full, by making the sides collapse, then, suddenly relieving it of tension, the apparatus resumes its natural bulk. He can also quit it at pleasure; and if any rude hand should remove it from the water, he quickly creeps forth, and appears a dark brown soft caterpillar, of about an inch in length, consisting of ten rings, and rather thin in proportion; the head large, polished and divided into two lobes, which move with most devouring action. Along the back, the intestinal tube of a darker brown can be plainly distinguished. Four feet are arranged on each side, one from each ring, near the head; the tail is forked, extending about one-eighth of an inch, and terminating with hairs: very delicate hairs may also be seen in place of feet, from the six hinder rings of each side. Its motion (a jerking one) is very quick. If the balloon is touched in the stream, the inhabitant evinces his emotion in sudden jets from the mouth. The balloon and its inhabitant were found, with nine or ten others, arranged (as if intent on fishing) across a branch of the stream, under an overhanging stone, which broke off the force of the water that brought their prey to them.

CONVERSATION.—Conversation is the daughter of reasoning, the mother of knowledge, the breath of the soul, the commerce of hearts, the bow of friendship, the nourishment of content, and the occupation of men of wit.

IS THE ADVANCEMENT IN MORALS AND KNOWLEDGE PROPORTIONAL?—The great difference between the morality of ancient and modern, or of the more barbarous and the more refined ages is, that the former is of a negative while the latter is of a positive nature. If the barbarian or half-civilized chances to perform an action or entertain a thought, which would be considered praiseworthy in the highest degree if done at present, when one might be supposed to be acquainted with all the consequences and the tendency of the thing, he loses nearly all the commendation which the civilized and enlightened man would justly obtain; and though the quality of the action be equally good in both cases, we give no more credit to the intention of the savage, than we should to the favorable determination of two dice in making a good throw.

This then may be considered that which constitutes the distinction between civilized and uncivilized man, viz. that the former acts with a due apprehension of consequences, and is thus, properly speaking, accountable for his actions; whereas the latter is no more than the sport of circumstances, and is guided wholly by the uncertain and frequently distorted vision of his appetites and passions.

With this view of the case, who can deny that the morals of mankind are ameliorated in proportion as they advance in knowledge, which, by enlarging their mental vision, renders them more and more meritorious in the commission of good actions? Or, to put the question more clearly, who shall say that the world, with all its advancement in every department of science and art, has been gradually deteriorating in morality as it progressed in every thing else, so that it is now far inferior in true virtue and excellence to the primitive ages? Or is there any who would prefer to live in those times rather than at present?

But it may perhaps be said, has not civilization, in its progress through the world, created new objects of desire, and excited a passion, which is wholly unnatural, for wealth, dignity, &c., which would never have existed, had men lived in an unambitious state of uncultivated innocence? Should we see those immense accumulations of riches in the hands of a few, and that degraded state of poverty into which the many are fallen, if all were unconscious of the desire which has created the inequality? And are not the temptations to vice multiplied to an educated mind?

In the first place, far from creating the desires of dignity and command over others, cultivation has been immensely beneficial in softening the evil effects of tyranny and thereby ameliorating the world. The most despotic and cruel governments we are acquainted with, existed among the most barbarous nations. An Attila, Tamerlane and Genghis-Kahn were the monarchs of savage nations, and performed acts at which even a Tiberius might shudder. We have at this moment in the heart of civilized Europe an example in Turkey, whose fertile soil and serene sky can not render its inhabitants happy, or satisfy the grasping avarice of their rulers.

What is it but cultivation that has lessened the number and the causes of wars and battles, and created a mighty power, public opinion, a force which, to use the words of a distinguished writer, has done more for the support of justice than armies or navies? Under the influence of this cause, the world is attaining to all the advantages of the primitive state of society without its faults, and is assuming the form of a grand republic.

Again, if the temptations to vice are increased, are not the encouragements of virtue still more augmented? Are we to blame for the knowledge which enlightens us, because our minds receive it through a false and a discolored medium? Is the ruby red only because it is shone upon, and not because it possesses an unchangeable hue? The mind which is polluted, will be so in an uncultivated as well as in an educated state, and to blame the knowledge for the crime, is as absurd as to reproach a knife for murder or a gun for shooting, without regard to the hand and mind which directed them.—*Hartford Pearl.*

It is indubitably true, that passion can not be very strong when we have leisure to describe it. But a man of genius feels more intensely and suffers more strongly than another; and for this very reason, when the force of his passion has subsided, he retains for a longer period the recollection of what it has been, and can more easily imagine himself under its influence again; and, in my conception, what we call the power of imagination is chiefly the combination of strong feelings and recollections.

LITERARY INQUIRER.

EDITED BY W. VERRINDER.

BUFFALO, TUESDAY, NOV. 26, 1833.

A CARD.—The proprietor of this journal having formed a co-partnership with S. G. BACON, the second volume will be published in the joint names of

W. VERRINDER & S. G. BACON.

Buffalo, Nov. 26, 1833.

PROSPECTUS

Of the Second Volume of the Literary Inquirer, to be Improved, Enlarged, and published Weekly, with the title of the

LITERARY INQUIRER,

AND REPERTORY OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

The proprietors of the Literary Inquirer, encouraged by the extensive and rapidly increasing circulation of this journal, and assured of the co-operation and support of many influential gentlemen in different sections of the country, propose to issue the second volume weekly, with such important and valuable improvements, so considerable an increase in the quantity of matter, and at so small an advance in price, as to render it one of the best and cheapest papers in Western New-York.

It is the wish of the editors to secure for this journal an admission into the temple of science, the mart of business, and the domestic circle;—to render it, in short, a "REPERTORY," from the pages of which, the student, the merchant, and every member of a family, may derive appropriate information and intellectual enjoyment. To accomplish these objects, and to merit the support of an enlightened community, neither pains nor expense will be spared; but every exertion shall be made to render this paper not only deserving of present perusal, but worthy of preservation for future reference on the various topics to which its columns will be devoted.

SYLLABUS OF CONTENTS.—The following brief summary of the important and interesting subjects to which the attention of the public will be invited, will give the reader some idea of the diversified instruction and enjoyment to be realized from the Literary Inquirer, and Repertory of Literature, Science, and General Intelligence:

Under appropriate heads, and in type suitable to the nature of the subject, will be furnished—Original and Selected Tales, Biographical Memoirs of eminent persons, Poetry, Essays, &c.; Literary and Scientific Intelligence, including interesting extracts from the proceedings of learned societies; brief notices of new Publications; a carefully selected and neatly arranged compendium of the latest News—Domestic and Foreign; a summary of such passing events as shall be interesting to the general reader; approved literary and miscellaneous Advertisements, &c. &c.

TERMS.—The second volume of the Literary Inquirer, and Repertory of Literature, Science, and General Intelligence, will be commenced on Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1834, and published weekly, on a super-royal sheet, of fine quality, in quarto form, (same size and form as the New York Mirror,) making a yearly volume of four hundred and sixteen pages, which, at the end of the year, will be furnished with a title page and general index.

The price of subscription will be Two Dollars per annum (fifty-two numbers), in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, within six months; or Three Dollars, at the end of the year.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.—With a view both to encourage the efforts of native genius, and to secure for the literary department a constant supply of original matter, premiums will be given from time to time for the best articles which shall be written for this paper. For contributions to the second volume, to be forwarded on or before the last day of the current year, the editors are induced to make the following liberal offers:

A Gold Medal, or Fifty Dollars, to the writer of the best Tale, suitable for publication in this paper; a Gold Medal, or Twenty-five Dollars, to the writer of the best Poem, on

any interesting and appropriate subject; and a Gold Medal, or Twenty-five Dollars, to the writer of the best Biographical Sketch of some eminent character. On the medals, should the successful competitors prefer them to their respective value in cash, will be engraven suitable inscriptions.

A letter, containing the title of the article and the name and residence of the writer, should be enclosed, or sent separately, marked on the outside—"Name only."

All letters must be post-paid, and addressed to the proprietors,

W. VERRINDER & S. G. BACON,

Nov. 26, 1833.

177, Main-street, Buffalo.

* * * Editors with whom we exchange, or who are desirous of an exchange, are requested to give the above a few insertions.

WALDIE'S SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—From the address to the reader, published on the cover of the last number of this excellent periodical, we extract with much pleasure the following encouraging remarks:—"The subscription list has greatly exceeded our original calculations, and we have had the most flattering testimonials of the successful accomplishment of the object of the publication. The most respectable and unequivocal assurances have been rendered, that the Library has served to beguile the leisure hours of thousands, who, without its aid, would have passed their time in comparative idleness, or have been thrown upon those family stock books that have been so long the retainers of the book-case and parlor table, and which, like old acquaintances of limited information, dole out the same stories and ideas in monotonous uniformity. Very good books they are, no doubt; but the human mind wants variety; it must be alimented with intellectual novelty, or it stagnates and becomes muddy. * * * The eminent popularity of the publication has proved that we were right in our belief, that there was and is a public taste able and glad to discriminate, and gratified to reward industry in a field entirely new, where, though the path was untrodden, it was not the less embellished by flowers, and scented with sweets. * * * The support afforded has established the publication, it is believed, on a permanent basis, and we shall soon enter upon a third volume with the most cheering and gratifying testimonials of approbation and efficient support, for which sincere acknowledgments are due." A. W. WILGUS is the agent for Buffalo.

SECOND VOLUME.—A copy of the prospectus of our second volume will be left for signatures at the Book-store of A. W. WILGUS, publisher of Cobb's "Improved Spelling-Book," &c., 204, Main-street, Buffalo.

TRAVELING AGENTS.—Wanted immediately, several suitable persons to procure subscribers for this journal, to whom a liberal remuneration will be given for their trouble.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Nubia and Abyssinia: comprehending their Civil History, Antiquities, Arts, Religion, Literature, and Natural History. By the Rev. Michael Russell, LL.D., Author of "View of Ancient and Modern Egypt," "Palestine, or the Holy Land," &c. New-York: Printed and Published by J. & J. Harper.

The publishers of the Family Library, of which this interesting and valuable history forms the sixty-first number, can not be too highly commended for the sound judgment and good taste which they have uniformly exhibited, in their selections of works for that useful and deservedly popular miscellany. The Messrs. Harpers have, indeed, from their commencement in business, manifested a spirit of enterprise and industry, which, we hope, will prove not less lucrative to themselves, than advantageous to a richly benefited community. The entire series should be in the possession of every family in the Union. The Library embraces already some of the most important works in almost every branch of general knowledge, including history, biography, natural science, discoveries, adventures, intellectual and moral philosophy, &c. &c.

The history of Nubia and Abyssinia—known to the ancients as "Ethiopia above Egypt"—may be considered as a necessary supplement to the "View of Ancient and Modern Egypt," which constituted the twenty-third number of the Family Library. It makes us acquainted with one of the most interesting countries in the world to the antiquary and scholar, Ethiopia being "universally regarded by the

poets and philosophers of Greece, as the cradle of those arts which, at a later period, covered the kingdom of the Pharaohs with so many wonderful monuments." Indeed, as the author justly remarks, the reader will be surprised at the extent and magnificence of the architectural remains of Nubia, which, in some instances, have been found to rival, and, in others, even to surpass the more celebrated buildings of Egypt. "But no consideration associated with the history of Ethiopia, is more interesting than the fact, that the Christian religion, received about fifteen hundred years ago, continues to be professed by the great majority of the people." Availing himself of the information collected by the numerous travelers who have visited this remarkable country, Dr. Russell has presented us, in a single volume, with every thing that is really important or valuable in the civil and natural history, antiquities, arts, religion, and literature of this celebrated nation. The work consists of nine chapters, and is illustrated by a map and several engravings, which are executed in a style of great neatness and luminous perspicuity.

We can at present only spare room for one or two brief extracts from the Introduction, but we propose, in a future number, to continue our notice of this singularly interesting work. The celebrity to which Ethiopia formerly attained, and the high estimation in which it was held by contemporary nations, are thus eloquently described:

"It is universally admitted that, if we except the ancient inhabitants of Egypt, there is no aboriginal people of Africa who have so many claims to our attention as the Ethiopians, a nation which, from the remotest times to the present, has been regarded as one of the most celebrated and the most mysterious. In the earliest traditions of nearly all the civilized tribes of the East, the name of this remarkable section of mankind is to be found; and when the faint glimmering of fable gives way to the clearer light of history, the lustre of their character is still undiminished. They continue the subject of curiosity and admiration; and we discover that the most cautious and intelligent writers of Greece hesitated not to place them in the first ranks of knowledge and refinement. The praise bestowed upon them by Homer is familiar to the youngest reader. He describes them, not only as the most distant of the human race, but also as the most righteous and best beloved by the gods. The inhabitants of Olympus condescended to journey into their happy land, and partake of their feast; while their sacrifices were declared to be the most agreeable that could be offered to them by the hands of mortals."

In the following passage, the connection between the religion and commerce of ancient nations, is forcibly and accurately portrayed:

"The connection between merchandise and the usages of religion was not confined to the wandering tribes of Africa, but may be traced throughout the ancient world wherever men collected in great numbers to celebrate the rites of a national faith. As the adoration presented to the gods was not thought complete without the addition of more expensive offerings, the worshipper repaired not to the stated festival unless accompanied with beasts for sacrifice, or with frankincense and other spices to perfume the air. The vicinity of a temple was thus naturally converted into a market, more especially at the holy seasons of the year. In the sacred scriptures the reader will discover numerous facts which establish the view now given of the relation between commerce and piety. Even the consecrated fane at Jerusalem was contaminated by the presence of dealers, who sought their own advantage rather than the honor of the Great Being whom they professed to venerate. A similar abuse was long tolerated in the Christian church; and hence most of the periodical transactions of a commercial nature became associated with the names of the more popular saints. Every one knows that the *feria*, or holidays of the Roman communion, supplied the term for our *fairs* in all the counties of Great Britain."

With the subsequent reflections and hypotheses, which are both natural and striking, we must conclude the present notice, assuring our readers, that from the perusal of the entire work, they may derive both instruction and entertainment:

"In tracing the progress of civilization in Egypt, we arrived at results which argued a very high antiquity. We found reason to ascribe to the Pharaohs of the eighteenth dynasty the gigantic labors of Thebes, and the magnificent palaces which adorned either side of the Nile in that stupendous capital. What an astonishing era of art, fully two thousand years before the Augustan age at Rome!

"But the vast works at Karnae, Luxor, and Medinet Abou, are much less ancient than the buildings which have been discovered above the Cataracts. The eye of science has recently been invited to countries which stretch southward along the Upper Nile, and to examine the memorials of kingdoms whose names have not yet been enrolled in the eternal tables of history. In Nubia and Ethiopia, says a foreign writer, numerous and primeval monuments protrude so loudly a cultivation contemporary, or earlier than that of Egypt, that it may be conjectured with the greatest confidence that the arts, sciences, and religion proceeded from Nubia to the lower country of Mizraim; that civilization descended the Nile, built Memphis, and, finally, somewhat later, wrested by colonization the Delta from the sea. From Meroe and Axum downwards to the Mediterranean, there arose, as is testified by Diodorus, improved and powerful states, which, though independent of each other, were connected by the same language, the same writing, and the same religion."

"The possession of wealth lays the best foundation for learning and the arts; and the perusal of ancient history will convince every reader, that in the early stages of society these are devoted to the decoration and advancement of religion. The stately temple is seen to rise long before any attention is paid to the comforts of private life; and the precious metals, as well as the richest spices and perfumes, are lavished on the instruments of worship, while as yet the blessings of civilization are very sparingly enjoyed by the mass of the people."

We shall shortly extend our quotations from this valuable work, for a copy of which we are indebted to the politeness of O. G. Steele, Bookseller, 214, Main-street, Buffalo.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

GARDEN OF ROSES! HOW OFT DID I ROVE!

Garden of Roses! how oft did I rove
Through thy pathway of beauty, thy bower of love!
To drink in the sweets of thy breath of perfume,
And watch the young buds bursting forth into bloom.
Magic of Beauty! how oft have I gazed
On the spell of thy charms, and thy loveliness praised!
And have fancied the light from thy bright eyes oft straying,
Were the swift wings of spirits in sportiveness playing.
But ye 've faded, bright emblems of beauty and youth!
Ye have vanished like friends of a summer day's truth;
The cold breath of autumn has swept o'er the vale,
Bea the youth, flowers, and perfume away on the gale.
There is left of the roses that bloomed in the spring,
No sign that they are, save their own withering.
Of the smile and the tear drop in Beauty's bright eye,
Go ask where the winds 'midst the cypress boughs sigh.
And is there no emblem of Virtue below?
Are all of Time's arrows deep poisoned with woe?
Shall youth, love, and beauty lie down in the tomb,
Like the desolate rose tree when stripp'd of its bloom?
Early I go to the mouldering grave,
Where the cypress tree branches and long grass wave,
And my dirge shall be sung when the moon is high,
By the mountain winds sweeping my cold bed by.
And is there no heart at our parting will grieve?
No hand o'er my grave the bright flowers will weave?
Shall friendship at last but forgetfulness prove,
Nor the deep chords of sympathy vibrate to love?
Then come, lovely Woodroffe, repose on my breast,
And hush these wild fancies and troubles to rest;
When thy freshness and beauty have vanished away,
Thy sweetness shall more than their absence repay.
Then come, near my heart in the grave thou shalt lie,
Together we 've lived, and together we 'll die.
O'er the darkness and vapors that lodge in my tomb,
Month after month thou shalt shed thy perfume.
Long when the roses that blossomed are gone,
When their beauty is faded, their summer is done,
When the loud winds of winter shall howl o'er my head,
Thou shalt sweetly repose on my clay cold bed!
And, O! if some thought of the friend once so dear,
Ever calls to the eyelid bright memory's tear;
If, like thy long sweetness, affection shall cling
To some token of love, this frail heart's offering;
If the plighted attachment of youth's wildest kiss,
Shall recall that bless'd hour and that rapture of bliss,
May it plant my sweet Woodroffe over my bier,
And bedew its bright flower with affection's warm tear!

* The flower Woodroffe yields the sweetest perfume long after its beautiful white leaves have withered and died.

MISCELLANY.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

The extraordinary success of Miss Martineau's "Illustrations of Political Economy" is well known. A French edition is now publishing in Paris; and the translator, M. B. Maurice, naturally anxious to prefix to his work some account of the writer, appears to have addressed to her a letter of inquiry, and has published a translation of her interesting reply. We are indebted for the retranslation here given to the Monthly Repository—a work deservedly commended for the freshness and vigor of its original papers:—

Miss Harriet Martineau to M. B. Maurice.

London, June 3, 1833.

Sir,—I cannot refuse to give you the particulars for which you ask in a letter I have just received, respecting myself and the work which, after having excited your attention, has given you an employment that I fear must sometimes be a tedious one. The curiosity which the authors of popular works generally excite is innocent and natural; I have felt it too often myself not to be inclined to satisfy that which I may excite in others.

My family is of French origin, as my name must already have suggested to you. All that is known of it is that my great grandfather, who was a surgeon, quitted France on account of his religion, at the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and settled at Norwich, in the county of Norfolk, where he married a French lady, who had emigrated at the same period and for the same reasons. Ever since, my family has maintained an honorable station in society, the eldest sons always practising surgery, the others devoting themselves to commerce or manufactures. My father, the youngest of five brothers, was the proprietor, at Norwich, his native place, of one of the manufactories peculiar to that town. He had eight children, of whom I am the sixth.

I was born in the month of June, 1802. The following are the principal circumstances which have combined to give me a taste for literary pursuits: my health, now perfectly good, was extremely delicate in my childhood; I have been, ever since that period, afflicted with an infirmity (deafness) which, without absolutely depriving me of

all intercourse with the world, has forced me to seek occupation and pleasure within myself; lastly, that which has contributed to it more than all the rest, is the affection subsisting between me and that one of my brothers whose age is nearest to my own, and who adopted one of the learned professions.

The first work that I published was a little volume entitled 'Devotional Exercises,' for the use of young persons. It appeared in 1822, and its success encouraged me to let it be followed soon by another of the same description, entitled 'Addresses, with Prayers and Hymns, for the use of Families and Schools.' About this time a circumstance occurred which was the origin of that series of tales you are now engaged in translating. A country bookseller asked me to compose for him some little work of fiction; I thought that I might join the useful to the agreeable, as I had the choice of the subject, if I could show the folly of the populace of Manchester, who had just been destroying the machinery, to the great detriment of the manufactures, on which their bread depended. I produced a little story, entitled 'The Rioters,' and the following year another, on wages, called 'The Turn Out.' I was far from suspecting, while I wrote them, that wages and machinery had anything to do with political economy; I do not even know whether I had ever heard the name of that science. It was not till some time afterwards, that reading Mrs. Marcet's 'Conversations on Political Economy,' I perceived that I had written political economy, as M. Jourdain spoke prose, without knowing it. Mrs. Marcet's excellent work suggested to me the idea, that if some principles had been successfully laid down in a narrative form, all might be so equally well. From that moment I was continually talking with my mother and the brother whom I have mentioned to you, of the plan which I am at present executing. Nevertheless, I had no friend in the literary world, which is indispensable towards gaining the confidence of the booksellers. No one who could be of any use to me would pay any attention to my plan. Really I can not complain much of this; it must, I own, have appeared whimsical enough, and all things considered, of very doubtful success. I am far from regretting this delay, which has enabled me to exercise myself in different kinds of composition, and has left me time to acquire some knowledge of the world, a thing so necessary to the truth of descriptions so varied as mine must be.

During the three years which preceded the publication of my tales, I was constantly writing on different subjects; I was, besides, employed in reviewing works on metaphysics and theology, in the Monthly Repository, a periodical, the editor of which, the Rev. W. J. Fox, is, after my brother James, my steadiest friend, and the best guide that I have ever had in literature and in philosophy. I published besides, in 1830, the 'Traditions of Palestine.' In the course of the following year, the Association of Unitarian Dissenters, to whom I belong, printed three essays of mine, which had obtained prizes, and which were addressed to the Catholics, the Jews, and the Mahometans. Meantime I had quite made up my mind to risk the publication of my 'Illustrations of Political Economy.' The plan had been rejected by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, though only two or three of the members had paid any attention to it. No bookseller of any reputation would hear of my work, and when the recommendation of the literary man I have mentioned had determined me to attempt the enterprise, it was begun, a thousand voices uniting to announce that it would not succeed. At the end of one month success was certain.

I was sure that it would be so; not that I exaggerated my talents: I am as far as ever from thinking that this work has succeeded because it has been written by me; but I think that the want of such a work was felt so much by the public, that it was sure to be caught up with eagerness. This conviction gave me the courage to undertake it, and its being so well timed is sufficient by itself to explain the great number of copies which have been sold.

My intention at first was only to publish twenty-four tales; but as the taxes are a subject towards which the public mind is particularly directed at present, and as there is the greatest necessity that the people should be enlightened with regard to them, I have resolved to enlarge my plan, and to go as far as thirty tales.

As it has been erroneously supposed that my work was finished before I began the publication of it, I am glad to have an opportunity of telling you, that I only write each tale in the month before it is printed, that I may have the advantage of the newest discoveries upon the subject of which I treat. No one but myself sees them before they are given to the printer, and no one has ever helped me in their compilation. My brother, the only individual whose assistance I could accept, lives at Liverpool. I can not, therefore, consult him. Last autumn I quitted Norwich for London, where I intend to remain.

Besides my Tales, which appear monthly, I have just undertaken a little series of four numbers on our system of Poor Laws, which will be circulated by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The first, entitled 'The Parish,' came out a fortnight ago; the second will be published in the course of the summer.

There is not at present any portrait of me published, but Finden is engraving one on steel, which will, I believe, soon be out.

I think I have answered all your questions: nothing remains but to assure you of the interest with which I shall see your translation. I shall be happy to own myself indebted to you, if, through your means, I can render to the French people the services that my countrymen have allowed me to render to them.

I am, Sir, very sincerely, yours, &c.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LETTERS.—We announce, says the Editor of the North American Magazine, with the highest pleasure and the sincerest hope that it may be the germ of a most beneficial and powerful institution, the organization, in this city, of a society for the advancement of American Literature, and the patronage of cisatlantic authors. If its lofty patriotic designs are cherished and prosecuted with the wise enthusiasm every such enterprise demands, we can not question its wide and salutary success. The literary men of this country, unlike those of Europe, have been repelled from communion by individual jealousies, or separated into petty coteries less associated with the beautiful and exulting spirit of literature, than with the selfish purposes of clandestine passion. Therefore, we hail with delight a project which may tend to fraternize the feelings, expand the capacities, exalt, confirm, and perpetuate the knowledge of those who, by their profession, should cherish the amenities of the heart and the dignified philosophy of the mind.

At a meeting of a number of literary and scientific gentlemen, convened at the Franklin Institute, on Thursday the 31st ultimo, Stephen Simpson, Esq. was called to the chair, and Dr. Alexander C. Draper appointed secretary; when, the objects of the meeting having been stated from the chair, it was, upon motion,

Resolved, That this meeting resolve itself into an Association for the promotion of American letters and the patronage of American authors.

Upon motion, a Constitution and By-Laws were presented, and unanimously adopted, under the name, style, and title of THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LETTERS.

An election for officers then took place, and the following named gentlemen were duly elected, to serve until the annual election, to be held on the first Monday of next May.

David Paul Brown, Esq., President.
Stephen Simpson, 1st Vice President.
Sumner L. Fairfield, 2d Vice President.
John Howard Payne, 3d Vice President.
Thomas Sully, 4th Vice President.
Dr. Thomas E. Ware, Secretary.
Dr. Alex. C. Draper, Corresp. Secretary.
John Neagle, Recording Secretary.
Owen Stoeve, Esq., Treasurer.
Peter A. Browne, Esq., Curator.

CENSORS.

Washington Irving, Esq., New York.
Col. George P. Morris, do.
John P. Kennedy, Esq., Baltimore.
Dr. James G. Percival, New Haven.
James A. Hillhouse, do.
Joseph R. Chandler, Philadelphia.
Josiah Randall, Esq., do.
Dr. Thomas Augustus Worrall, do.
Benjamin Mathias, do.

The following gentlemen were elected Honorary Members.

Rev. Dr. Lindsley, Pres. of the Nashville Univ.
Hon. Edward Lytton Bulwer, M.P., London.
Sheridan Knowles, Esq., do.
Frederick Beasley, D.D., Trenton, N.J.
J. K. Paulding, New York.
Professor Silliman, Yale College.
Hon. Samuel L. Southard, New Jersey.
Hon. Edward Everett, Massachusetts.
C. R. Leslie, R.A., West Point.
Hon. William Wirt, Maryland.
John J. Adams, New York.
George D. Prentice, Editor of Louisv. Journal.

Adjourned to meet on Monday evening, the 4th of November, at seven o'clock, at the Franklin Institute.

STEPHEN SIMPSON, Ch'm.

ALEX. C. DRAPER, Sec'y.

A NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW.—Adam Waldie, of Philadelphia, proprietor of "Waldie's Select Circulating Library," has issued a prospectus for a new Quarterly Review, to be published under the editorial supervision of Henry Vethake, Esq., Professor of Natural Philosophy, and Lecturer on History, in the University of the city of New York, who is well known as one of the most distinguished literary and scientific gentlemen of our country. It will be commenced under highly favorable circumstances, which can not, it is thought, fail of insuring its success. The proprietor trusts it will enlist the best wishes of all those who take a deep interest in the moral and intellectual, as well as the literary and political character of the United States as one great community. If the "United States Review" has a tendency to elevate our national character, and promote the highest interests of the whole, as it is confidently believed it will, it can not but have the sympathy of the patriotic in every section of the Union.